

THE GREEN LAMP

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Frank A. Munsey
Company.By
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"THE BLACK BOOK"
"THE BRASS BOW"

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

A young newspaper reporter, "down on his luck," meets in a Sixth avenue restaurant, New York, which he boldly enters, although penniless, determined to get a meal, a man, nearly blind, named Faraday, who is likewise without money. The stranger asks, the reporter answers for him a watch belonging to his mother, part of the proceeds of which are used to defray the cost of his meals. He then requests that the newspaperman read two letters which he has just received. One is from Esther Spotswood, the daughter of Dr. Spotswood, Faraday's guardian, whose hand has been refused him, and the other from the old physician. The doctor states that he is dying, and wants to clear up, which have heretofore been a mystery to him. He tells him that his father was found at his desk in his home in Culpeper, Miss., with his throat cut from ear to ear. A lamp with a green shade was burning by him when he was found, but no trace of it has ever been found. Faraday and the reporter decide to go to Culpeper and make an investigation.

CHAPTER IV (Continued)

He called the waiter and paid our reckoning. The bill amounted to something like ten dollars, so you can imagine with what appetites we had eaten.

"Thirty dollars," commented Faraday, counting over the money which I had handed him. "That isn't much, is it, now? Not enough to pay railway fare to Mississippi?"

"Hardly," I replied. "Besides, I couldn't leave Zeb up here—Zeb's my nigger, you know, and the cook and the new of my sleep. I couldn't get along without him."

"Well, thirty dollars isn't enough, sir; and it would take me a solid month to cruise down the coast home. That's too long—I'm not a patient lover, not much. What would you do in my place?"

"I'd like you to advise me, sir," I replied. "I don't know. I'd do something that I'd not advise a man to do."

"Thirty dollars is no better than nothing to a man in my place," he said. "I'll take a chance if you can direct me to a good place."

"I know one," I replied. "Come along if you wish to. The earlier we go, the less crowded will be."

As we rose to leave, Deal looked up and nodded to me. He seemed to be about to speak, but I passed on, giving him no chance, for I heartily disliked the fellow.

At the door I turned, for some unknown reason, and looked back. Deal, I saw, had dropped his newspaper and stood over to pick it up. He had dropped it on the side nearest our table. As my glance rested on it, he straightened up, his chair and looked after us rather furtively.

A moment later we were out of the place and in the night air. The name or thought of Deal did not occur to me for many a day thereafter.

My first idea had been to take Faraday to a well-known resort on Thirty-fourth street, and thither we went; but, if you'll remember, the police were making a great show against the gamblers that summer—though, of course, they accomplished nothing more than to make the places run less brazenly than usual—and, seeing a plainclothesman in front of the "joint," I concluded we'd best try elsewhere.

We tried one or two more of the up-town houses, but at neither could we obtain admittance, and so finally I thought me of a distinctly crooked game down on Chrystie street—a place that is less known than any other in town, and to which it is harder to gain access.

I explained this to Faraday, and that I couldn't guarantee the squareness of the house nor that he could get out alive if he were more than a proprietor was willing to lose; but he seemed rather indifferent—absorbed in his own thoughts—for which I'll admit he had excuse.

So we loafed about the streets until it was half past the hour, and then, at which hour the house opened up for the night's business.

During that wait, Faraday inquired my name, and we grew rather well acquainted. I told him of my troubles, and he sympathized with me and reeled off his.

He was a queer sort, this Faraday. Low voiced and soft of speech, although there was naught about him that you might call reserved; he was open faced as a dollar watch—and utterly indifferent to everything in his manner.

He shambled along the street regardless of the other pedestrians, making way for no one except the woman; and that, I found, was a characteristic of his in the walk of life.

It developed that he owned a little vessel—the *Beau Gallant*, he was pleased to call her—in which he was in the habit of embarking whenever the spirit moved him, and sailing off wheresoever the winds might carry him.

Sometimes he would simply sail up and down the Mississippi sound, but on occasion he had gone down through the Gulf of Venezuela, and on this last trip he had come up along the coast, taking his time about it, to New York.

His sole companion on these venturesome voyages had been and was a negro, the Zeb of whom he had spoken. "There's nothing like life for fun," said he, with a wave of a corncob pipe in the face of the theater crowd on Broadway, at that. "Beyond marrying and settling down with a comfortable fortune, there's nothing I would like better than to live on my boat."

"On stormy days you can tie up somewhere and loaf in fine weather you can note carefully the way of the wind, hoist your mainsail and jib, and sail before it. You'll most always land up somewhere that's interesting. And, besides, you never know where your next meal is to come from, and that adds interest, naturally."

CHAPTER V

The Turn of the Wheel.

To show you how hedged about with the pomp and ceremony of a gambling hell was this place in Chrystie street to which I took my new acquaintance, I may mention that the entrance does not give upon the street.

To the contrary, you watch your opportunity—it is bad to be observed of

Some Good College Songs

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STEINWAY PIANOS

13th and G Sts.

a detective—and dart down a narrow passageway which is black as Egyptian night. It is long, badly paved with cobble and rough stone, and on a warm evening the atmosphere is simply stifling.

At the end there is a heavy door, with a little peep hole in the upper panel. If the man within is satisfied with your personal appearance, he opens the door and permits you to climb several flights of gloomy, tortuous tenement stairway, for all I know, at every landing you submit to another examination; and, if you pass that, are admitted to a conventional "four-room flat" of the regulation tenement variety.

There is nothing gilded about the joint. It does not smell sweet, for the windows are nailed tight, and kept so even in New York's most torrid weather.

The walls are moldy, and streams of rotten papers depend from the ceilings. The lights are purposely dim, since it is less easy to watch the dealer's hands in twilight than in the glare of electric lamps. The furnishings are simple in the extreme, the most ornate things in the place being the green cloth-covered tables.

And it is very quiet. There is a stealthy hush over the rooms—a heavy silence in which the hot, harsh breathing of the shuffler and the rattling of the shuffled cards, the rattle of the chips, and the clatter of the roulette ball dancing above the colored compartments that mean so much, so very much, to the gambler.

No one speaks, except the man at the roulette table, when the ball finally settles. "Eighteen, red and even," rakes in the forfeited chips, and spins the marble again.

The patrons are too terrified in earnest for conversation. If a man is "wiped out," he rises and leaves, and his place is not empty overlong; he cares not to stay to watch and curse—the game is all too familiar to him for that.

Chips are two dollars a stack of twenty—ten cents a piece. If you care to play a higher limit, you will be accommodated in a second flat with a private dealer, who will clean you out very expeditiously. If you kick, he is qualified to suppress you.

Some hours later the patrolman on the beat will find you on a corner a mile or so distant—and the young ambulance surgeon will diagnose your cracked skull as "alcoholism" as like as not.

I explained this as I have said, to Mr. Faraday, and advised earnestly against the private room. He agreed to stay in the greater security of the more public apartments, but was disposed to argue that he wasn't afraid. He mentioned that he was armed.

I did not know his temper, and finally persuaded him to hand over his revolver to me. It was safe in my possession, and quite as useless; if that young man had dared lose his temper and draw a gun in that place, he would never again have seen daylight.

It was Faraday's notion that I should play for him, and this I agreed to, thinking that I might see better than he. But after ten dollars or so had

vanished, I relinquished my seat to him, persuading him to try his luck. He said that it might be just as well. "Just as liable to win by going it blind as any other way," he remarked as he took the seat.

Having in mind the ill luck that I was experiencing, or had experienced up to that time, I, with a gambler's superstition, was rather afraid of "noo-doing" Faraday's play if I watched him, so I strolled off to another quarter of the room and looked on at a faro layout for about half an hour.

Before I left I had seen Faraday put a \$5 bill on the black, and double it on the turn of the wheel, and when I returned he was still at that game—playing the colors—and with quite a respectable stock of chips before him.

Perhaps it was as well for him that I came back when I did.

He was trying to bet a twenty on the red. The dealer told him that it was over the limit, and Faraday objected. He wanted a run for his money, he said. And then came what I had feared—the inevitable suggestion of the "private room."

For all of my warning, the young fool acted precisely as if he had been waiting for just that invitation.

"That's the talk!" he exclaimed, rising as he stuffed his pockets. "Where's your private room?"

"This way," said the proprietor of the place—"Dutch Charley" he was called. He jerked open the door into the hall and beckoned to Faraday. For my part I had enough interest in the young man to try to wait him again.

He was just starting for the door when I stepped to his side and whispered in his ear.

"Be careful," I urged him earnestly. "Remember what I—"

One or two of the habitués of the place got up and moved toward us. As for the proprietor, he was purple with rage. I forsook trouble, and, catching Faraday by the arm, made toward the outer door.

"Remember what," he was saying, as though he had forgotten, "Lemmy go, Hammond; I'll break the bank."

"You'll come with me, you idiot," said I. "If you leave the room by any other door than the one you came in by, you'll leave the house first."

Dutch Charley came at me, roaring like a bull.

"Here, you," he cried, shaking a fist with my nose, "whajer mean by interfering, curse you?"

"You keep quiet," I told him hotly, "or I'll have the place pinched!"

Probably I could not have selected words more unfortunate. I should have said better.

Dutch Charley threw himself upon me with an oath, and I fell beneath his fist, striking the roulette table and knocking it over. Faraday, who had been trying to draw away from me, suddenly woke up to the real state of affairs, and neatly and swiftly kicked Dutch Charley in the stomach.

He keeled over very sick indeed, as I rose, staggering from his blow.

Men were coming at us from all sides of the room now. Faraday, in two movements that were almost simultaneous, jerked off his glasses and seized a chair—one of the common kitchen chairs, just heavy enough to

make a formidable weapon in the hands of an agile man—and a moment later lit one of the dealers a crack over the head that stretched him out. I grabbed a chair myself, and shouted to him to make for the door.

At that moment I caught a glimpse of a knife near Faraday, and then the lights were suddenly extinguished.

Somebody grabbed me about the legs—a regular football tackle—and pretty nearly threw me before I beat him off with my chair—and then I blundered into a press of struggling men who were, as I supposed, revolving around Faraday.

At least I could hear the swishing of that chair in the air, and once in a while a thud as it came down on a skull. Then there would be a groan, a dull bump as a man fell, and the struggle would go on in deadly silence save for the hoarse breathing and the shifting of feet.

No one particularly desired police interference, you understand. Both Faraday and I were more willing to spend the night in the open than in a cell; and as for the others, the last thing they desired was to have the place raided.

They fought us every inch of the way, but somehow we made the door; I could tell by the different feel of the air—the sweeter smell of it—that I had passed the portals; but I thought with a good deal of anxiety of the several flights of stairs we must win down before we should be free.

As for Faraday, I had lost track of him entirely. He might be still within, or dead—knifed—for all I knew. My hands were full.

There seemed to be at least six men hanging upon me; and I think that the only reason why I was not stabbed because they were not sure, because of the darkness, that I was not one of themselves.

I continued to back, hammering away with the chair whenever I got room to swing it, and then—

Then somebody groaned aloud and fell against me, and I, giving way, stepped back into empty air, and the two of us clattered down about a mile of steps, fighting each other like wildcats.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

BOY HURT BY STONE THROWN AT UMPIRE

RACINE, Wis., May 16.—Crazed by the decision of Umpire "Jerry" Eddinger, of the Wisconsin-Illinois League, an angry mob attacked the umpire after the game here Saturday. A stone which was thrown through the window of an automobile in which Eddinger was riding struck Gordon Lewis, ten-year-old son of Capt. William M. Lewis, candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, on the head, fracturing his skull. The boy is now in the St. Mary's Hospital in a critical condition.

CLUB TO PURCHASE HARRIMAN ESTATE

Los Angeles Men Will Occupy Pelican Lodge, In Cascade Mountains.

LOS ANGELES, May 16.—Pelican lodge, the hunting estate of the late E. H. Harriman, which has often been declared to be the finest property of this kind in the Western Hemisphere, is to be purchased by a club of wealthy Los Angeles men.

The estate is in Oregon, in the heart of the Cascade mountains, twenty-eight miles from Klamath Falls, on Klamath lake. A vast section of territory all around is forest reserve, the only privately owned property being Pelican lodge estate of 1,941 acres.

"I never dreamed so lovely a place existed on the earth," was Harriman's usual description of it. Primeval forests of magnificent growth here come down to the shores of Klamath lake, the estate partly surrounding a beautiful bay of the lake, called Pelican bay.

Four splendid trout streams flow into this bay, all having their sources in mountain springs. The chief of these is Pelican creek, one of the wonders of Oregon. Its source is a great pool 40 feet across and three to ten feet deep where the springs gush up through cracks of the rock with enough water to make the stream navigable to the bay, for a small steamer.

The property abounds in deer, cougar, and other kinds of game.

GEORGE W. PADGETT TO BE NOMINATED

President Understood to Have Rejected Charges Against Maryland Candidate.

It is stated at the White House that the nomination of George W. Padgett for United States marshal of Maryland will be forwarded to the Senate tomorrow or Tuesday, unless additional charges against him are filed with President or unless those charges already filed are sustained.

It is understood the charges involve the alleged transfer of the real estate of Mr. Padgett to his wife.

It is said here that these charges were presented by friends of John F. Langhammer, who wants to be reappointed to the marshalship.

Representative Krommiller and the former sheriff were in Washington yesterday looking into the situation. Neither had any comment to make on the charges.

MINISTER STUDIES LABOR PROBLEMS

Pittsburg Embassy Discusses Industrial Legislation With Officials In Canada.

OTTAWA, Ontario, May 16.—The Rev. Leonard Levy, of Pittsburg, had a three hours' conversation here with Mackenzie King, Canada's minister of labor, and other Dominion government officials.

The Rev. Mr. Levy is interested in the Lennox act to prevent strikes and industrial troubles. He considers it the finest labor legislation in the world. He is specially commissioned to make inquiries regarding it for the State of Pennsylvania, and get full information regarding its workings. He spoke before a large gathering at Montreal. Before returning to the States he will visit the Macdonald College (Industrial) at St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

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AMUSEMENTS

NEW NATIONAL Nights at 9:30

Nights, 45c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00, 10.50, 11.00, 11.50, 12.00, 12.50, 13.00, 13.50, 14.00, 14.50, 15.00, 15.50, 16.00, 16.50, 17.00, 17.50, 18.00, 18.50, 19.00, 19.50, 20.00, 20.50, 21.00, 21.50, 22.00, 22.50, 23.00, 23.50, 24.00, 24.50, 25.00, 25.50, 26.00, 26.50, 27.00, 27.50, 28.00, 28.50, 29.00, 29.50, 30.00, 30.50, 31.00, 31.50, 32.00, 32.50, 33.00, 33.50, 34.00, 34.50, 35.00, 35.50, 36.00, 36.50, 37.00, 37.50, 38.00, 38.50, 39.00, 39.50, 40.00, 40.50, 41.00, 41.50, 42.00, 42.50, 43.00, 43.50, 44.00, 44.50, 45.00, 45.50, 46.00, 46.50, 47.00, 47.50, 48.00, 48.50, 49.00, 49.50, 50.00, 50.50, 51.00, 51.50, 52.00, 52.50, 53.00, 53.50, 54.00, 54.50, 55.00, 55.50, 56.00, 56.50, 57.00, 57.50, 58.00, 58.50, 59.00, 59.50, 60.00, 60.50, 61.00, 61.50, 62.00, 62.50, 63.00, 63.50, 64.00, 64.50, 65.00, 65.50, 66.00, 66.50, 67.00, 67.50, 68.00, 68.50, 69.00, 69.50, 70.00, 70.50, 71.00, 71.50, 72.00, 72.50, 73.00, 73.50, 74.00, 74.50, 75.00, 75.50, 76.00, 76.50, 77.00, 77.50, 78.00, 78.50, 79.00, 79.50, 80.00, 80.50, 81.00, 81.50, 82.00, 82.50, 83.00, 83.50, 84.00, 84.50, 85.00, 85.50, 86.00, 86.50, 87.00, 87.50, 88.00, 88.50, 89.00, 89.50, 90.00, 90.50, 91.00, 91.50, 92.00, 92.50, 93.00, 93.50, 94.00, 94.50, 95.00, 95.50, 96.00, 96.50, 97.00, 97.50, 98.00, 98.50, 99.00, 99.50, 100.00, 100.50, 101.00, 101.50, 102.00, 102.50, 103.00, 103.50, 104.00, 104.50, 105.00, 105.50, 106.00, 106.50, 107.00, 107.50, 108.00, 108.50, 109.00, 109.50, 110.00, 110.50, 111.00, 111.50, 112.00, 112.50, 113.00, 113.50, 114.00, 114.50, 115.00, 115.50, 116.00, 116.50, 117.00, 117.50, 118.00, 118.50, 119.